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ARMY  
MEDICAL  
APR 8 1945  
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# Stanton Talk

VOLUME 5, No. 4

MARCH 25, 1945



TILTON TALK  
APN-2-23-M

Edited and published semi-monthly for and by the personnel of Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey, under the supervision of the Information and Education Division.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Information and Education Officer:

Capt. Henry M. Weeks, III

EDITOR:

Sgt. Pearl T. Jackson

CONTRIBUTORS:

Major Irons, Lt. Walker, S/Sgt Judge, Sgt. Ely Friedman, Cpl. Rizzardi, Pfc Stone, Cpl. Bieler, Cpl. Partmann, T/Sgt Sweeney, Pfc Mason

ARTISTS:

T/5 Robert E. Lee  
Sgt. Mike Piozzo

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EDITORIAL

With the advent of Spring, that eternal source of delight and hope, there is born new faith and courage in every human heart. After the dismal winter, Spring comes to us as a rebirth of beauty. Every blade of grass gallantly thrusting its green spear through the fertile earth, every tender blossom unfolding itself to the sun's warm rays, every sweet note trebled by the returning robin, the delicious balminess of the April air—all fill us intuitively with new strength.

In Spring, more than ever, does the wonderful goodness of God manifest itself to mankind. The folly of war reveals itself in all its grossness and evil, and in this gift of Spring, God tells us that only beauty is good—that His natural order calls for peace and harmony and joy—and that man-made chaos and turmoil is corrupt.

This soul-stirring season must inspire us to new energy and determination. Spring is here for us to enjoy, and it is our God-given right to grasp it eagerly. But how can we avail ourselves of this gift when there is a war to be fought and won—when men are dying and the face of the earth is marred and mutilated?

Thus it is that we are spurred to fight now with greater zeal and ferocity than we have ever fought before, to work at our war jobs with thorough devotion, to contribute to this mighty effort our deepest resources—so that Spring—not this particular Spring, perhaps, but the next one which Heaven sends us—will be ours! Spring belongs to all the people the world over, and with the faith it gives us, we shall fight on and claim it for our own.

The promise it sends us—of idle strolls down country paths, of twilight neath the pines, of warm days at the surf, of fishing trips and picnics, of lawns and gardens and rustic furniture, of front porches shaded by vines, of blue denims and lemonade, of cool corner drug-stores and strawberry sodas, of dancing pavilions under the stars—but above all, of HOME and security, is a promise that will be fulfilled. Spring will be ours again! It is God's way of proving that life and nature are beautiful.



# The Chaplain's Page

Every Army publication for which my contribution has been asked has had a 'Chaplain's Corner'. All other departments therein were called 'pages', 'columns', 'news', 'angles', 'slants', 'sidelights', etc., all of which titles have dimensions which permit of excursions and exploratory expeditions. Everyone is encouraged to roam over the globe.

Only the Chaplain is restricted to a 'corner', which has no dimensions,—a narrow and limited niche in the published structure. As if he were admonished—admittedly with good will and tolerance—"Here's your stand, O man of God, but stick close to it, and preach your sermon."

Try as I will, religious feeling and thought, faith in God, and love of man cannot abide such confinement. They burst through their prescribed boundaries and very swiftly soar unto the heavens, there to be filled with an understanding of God.

Back to earth, the Divine Knowledge encompasses the souls of men, brings happiness, healing, heartening; binds them with a fraternal bond,—for are they not all His children, with the same problems, the same feelings, the same tasting of life, and especially in times of crisis, the same sacrifice.

Often enough, so that it can be called an 'Army Phenomenon', a soldier has approached me to confide, "Chaplain, today I had God in my heart!" Today and every day!!

Such a short flight! Now I hurry back to my corner, but not until I express my satisfaction at joining the Tilton family, and my prayer for the good health of all of you.

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(Note: This is Chaplain Kramer's first article for TILTON TALK. We regret that the opportunity of presenting him to you did not arrive sooner. However, belatedly we extend to him a cordial welcome to Tilton, and are happy to claim him as one of the family.)



## "THE BUSTED BIRDMAN"

Prepared for AAF Patients and their Friends  
by the  
AAF Personnel Distribution Command Hospital Liaison Office  
Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey

**CONVALESCENCE.....**Two recent developments of the policy of the PDC to furnish the best in recreation for convalescents and returnees are the scheduling of Lt Ben Hogan, nationally prominent professional golfer, and Lt Arthur Devlin, national ski champion, to set up golf and ski programs at Convalescent Hospitals of this Command. A golf program is being set up first at the Miami District, then California, and as the golf weather moves in at the other stations, programs will be set up there. Lt Devlin has set up a real skiing program at Plattsburg, and it is planned that he will go to Ft Logan and Ft Geo Wright to assist with the already fine ski programs operating at those installations.

A new PDC entertainment unit, The Kentucky Karavan, is now on tour of all PDC installations. This unit has been performing together for more than a year and is recognized as one of the outstanding GI shows. The unit is so formed that it can be broken up into small units to go into every ward in a hospital to bring entertainment to those who are so often missed by the larger shows.

A course in journalism is being planned in conjunction with the preparation of the post newspaper at Plattsburg. It is contemplated that when the course gets underway, most of the work on the paper will be done by patients themselves under supervision of the instructors. It is also planned to include in the course the operation of the mimeograph and multilith machines, and have the patients actually carry the paper through the process of its production, including securing the news, editing, arranging and printing.

**THE RUNWAY.....**Here's another partial list of AAF patients in this hospital. If any of the names sound familiar to you, call 23161 and we'll help you find out whether or not the GI in question is actually your buddy:....Pfc Abraham A. Forsetzer...Pfc Charles M. Fossler...Pvt Jimmie Freeman...Capt. James A. Fairhurst...CWO Irving Feuer...1st Lt Edward F. Fitzpatrick...Cpl Harry E. Garasz...Pvt Walter Gebler...Pvt Courtland A. Gee...Pvt Harold W. Gibson...Cpl Francis J. Girroir...Tec 4 William Goldenberg...Pvt Donald Goldstein...Pvt Kenneth Grace...S/Sgt Joseph P. Grandolfo...T/5 Theodore C. Green...T/Sgt Russell W. Gustafson...2nd Lt. Joseph H. Glenn...1st Lt. Karl M. Graf...Cpl John Habursak...Pfc John A. Hamlin...Pvt Sol Handler...Sgt George Harahus...Pvt William G. Harrell...Pvt Joseph W. Hartong...S/Sgt Frank T. Hay...M/Sgt Pete J. Hensal...Cpl Harold B. Herzog...Pfc Neva B. Hewson...Sgt Homer R. Hoover...Pvt Clifford J. Howland...T/5 John T. Hydrea...Lt Col Sterling G. Harvey...1st Lt Mary Ann Heidenthal...F/O Selmar W. Hess...Pvt Benjamin Jackson...S/Sgt Preston S. Jackson...S/Sgt Lester F. Jairy...Pvt Norman A. James...T/Sgt Corydon M. Johnson...Cpl Robert L. Johnson...Sgt Robert W. Johnson...Pfc Solomon Jordan...T/5 David W. Journey...1st Lt Edward D. Jenkins...1st Lt Donald H. Johnston...Cpl Walter N. Kaminski...Sgt David Kapulsky...Pfc Richard Kasanoff...S/Sgt Abraham Kaye...Sgt Stanley Koberski...Sgt John W. Kelly...S/Sgt Joseph B. Kern...S/Sgt George O. Kerr...S/Sgt Andrew Kevish...S/Sgt John Kobiernicki...T/5 Gustav Kotschnoff...Sgt Alex Kowalick...S/Sgt Joseph Kozienki...S/Sgt Stanley L. Krzyzanowski...M/Sgt Stanley P. Kulik...Pfc Joseph J. Kupczyk...2nd Lt. Edward C. Kaloski...Capt Woolsey M. Kane...Cpl Phillip K. Lear....



**LIAISON PERSONNEL....** Since the advent of The Busted Birdman there have been several changes in the organization of our office. First of all we are guilty of a grave social error. Despite the fact that she has been with us since January, we have never mentioned the existence of our capable secretary, Miss Agnes Prendergast. A breath of Old Ireland, Aggie has become an integral part of our little organization.

A new addition to our staff is S/Sgt Irving N. Mitchell, a 9th Air Force Hqs man recently returned to the States after 27 months service in Egypt, England and France. Mitch is the quiet little fellow who may be seen daily tracking down AAF patients in the Annex. He hails from the State of Maine, which is attached to the United States for rations and quarters.

Lt Clark and S/Sgt Sweeney are no more. In their places are Captain John M. Clark and T/Sgt John H. Sweeney - which all goes to show "It Can Happen Here".

**FLIGHT SURGEON....** Major Leone, the visiting AFPOC Flight Surgeon, is expected to be at this hospital on or about the 5th and 19th of April. He will be available to discuss matters pertaining to Aviation Medicine on these dates. Major Leone will visit all flight personnel present in the hospital, and any other AAF ground personnel who wish to see him. It is suggested that the latter call 23161 at some time prior to his arrival in order that their names may be added to his list.

**AIR FORCE MAGAZINE...** Once again, we have an ample supply of Air Force Magazine on hand for our patients. Why not call at our office (the main building Registrar) for your copy? Besides other interesting features, this month's issue has a honey of an article on Glider Pilots. Additional copies have been distributed as follows: Main and Annex Libraries 25 each, Main Red Cross 25, and Annex Red Cross 75.

If you are a New Englander, here's good news for you. 75% of recent AAF conval-

escent patients have been going to Plattsburg Barracks, New York.

**WHAT LUCK....**

Down a jungle path sauntered a GI with two Jap prisoners in tow. "Hey, Lieutenant, what'll I do with these prisoners?"

"Listen," hissed the Looney, "don't you know these woods are filled with Jap snipers just laying for officers? Call me Joe, call me anything, but DON'T call me Lieutenant."

"Okay, Stupid, what'll I do with these prisoners?"

**ALBERT.....**

He was walking into the barracks one day, swathed in bandages, when a friend asked him what had happened.

"Well," he explained, "I was over at the girl friends, and we were jitter-bugging when her father came in. He's totally deaf."

**SECTION EIGHT.....**

Doc: "So you think you are actually sane now. If we give you your liberty will you leave liquor and women alone?"

Patient: "I sure will."

Doc: "You're still crazy."

**SCHOOL DAYS.....**

Teacher: "Johnny, your lessons are not done today. Where did you go last night?"

Johnny: "To the movies with a girl teacher."

Teacher: "Get out of this class for a week. And you, Tommy, where did you go last night?"

Tommy: "Out parking with a girl."

Teacher: "Go home and stay there for two weeks. Osgare, where are you going?"

Oscar: "Teacher, my school days are over!"

**FRESH....**

GI: "Going my way, Babe?"

Gal: "My dear sir, I'll have you know that a public street corner is no place to speak to a strange girl who lives at 215 Central Park, phone 24998."

"This bomber pilot has the cutest ideas. Say, what does bivouac mean?"

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# Reservation Bureaus

The attention of all Army personnel is directed to ASF Circular No. 77, dated 2 March 1945, concerning the establishment of ARMY HOTEL RESERVATION BUREAUS. The circular reads in part as follows:

"All housing accommodations, including hotel rooms, are extremely limited in many large cities and war congested communities. Therefore, with the cooperation of the American Hotel Association and local hotel associations, the commanding generals of service commands have established a means to assist transient Army personnel to obtain hotel accommodations. This service will not relax the existing policy of official travel to congested areas being kept to a minimum.

"The primary concern of the agencies established is for providing hotel accommodations for Army Personnel on official business and those en route or returning from overseas. However, arrangements have also been made to handle at a lower priority accommodations for personnel on leave or furlough.

"Officer or enlisted personnel who desire to avail themselves of this service should write or telegraph prepaid to the reservation bureau as far in advance of arrival as possible advising of the date, hour, type of hotel accommodations desired, approximate price, and length of time accommodations are to be occupied. Reservations made in sufficient time will be confirmed in writing.

"This arrangement precludes the necessity for direct contacts with hotels by Army personnel on official business and those en route or returning from overseas."

The circular lists the addresses of the Army Hotel Reservation Bureaus in each service command. The Bureau for the Second Service Command is located at 25 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

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## COUNT TEN BEFORE YOU SIGN

Before you join a bowling club or a Chowder-and-Close-Harmony Club, you're apt to look around first and see who the boys are, and make sure they're the kind of characters you want to get mixed up with. Well, as the soldiers start coming home, there are going to be a lot of "clubs" stretching out the glad hand. The man in uniform is going to feel like the high school football hero who's rushed by all the fraternities on his first day in college. There will be a lot of Bowling Clubs and Associations for This and Against That who will pass out cigars to the returning men before they've had a chance to kiss their wives.

Some of these clubs and associations will be very good and sincere and worthwhile. Some of them will only look good! Their real purpose (which certainly won't be printed on the prospectus) will be to use the prestige of the veterans to further their own sinister anti-democracy plans. It won't be too hard to choose between the good groups and the bad. Most Americans are too smart to "buy" anything without looking it over first. When the boys in the reception room give him the hearty slap on the back and ask him to be one of the Old Bunch, the smart citizen always finds out first what the boys in the back room are doing. And then he decides whether or not he wants to join.



# Wactual Facts

BY SGT. PEARL T. JACKSON

You can believe it or not, but we have it on reliable and trustworthy sources that our Sgt. Keppel lost her temper only twice during the recent WAC migration to new quarters.

And since she's always good copy, we'll relate a little incident that occurred in the P.X. one evening last week, involving our famous top-kick: Marie B., in the company of several other renowned Wacs, was sipping a cup of G.I. brew, when along came a dashing young 2nd Lieutenant, who, after bowing politely to Keppel of the stripes, very charmingly asked: "Sgt., would you mind if I snapped your picture some afternoon? I'm a camera fan, and you're the most typical 1st Sgt. I've ever seen. It would make an awfully good shot."

All of which goes to show that if nothing else puts us on the map, our 1st Sgt. will do the trick.

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The gals on Surgical Service are now known as "PELS' BELLES". Albert keeps them all happy and contented, and that's all that matters.

Sgt. Corwin of Headquarters has made dire threats concerning an untimely end for certain parties if his name continues to appear in Tilton Talk. At the risk of a bloody bludgeoning, we ask this simple question: "Are you attempting to emulate Sgt. Holzapel in the mustache department, Gilbert?" If so, give it up as a bad job, old boy. You just haven't got it in you.

What cuter pair around these parts than "Tinker" and "Shorty". Bettie Young seems to take a maternal interest in this romance—keeping Shorty entertained while he awaits the arrival of Tinker, a nightly occurrence.

One obvious advantage of the lengthy chow lines these days is the fact that we're all getting more fresh air. Standing on the ramp for fifteen minutes or so twice a day, we inhale the fresh spring breezes and contemplate the beauties of Nature—mingled, of course, with the aroma of meatballs and cabbage. Too, opportunity is afforded to converse with other Detachment members we wouldn't have known otherwise, for one naturally turns to his fellow-linesmen for companionship and commiseration. So all in all, it isn't too bad a deal, though we'd still like the answer to that burning issue, "Who absconded with the flatware?", or "Who copped a nope wit' da cutlery?"

When the war's over, there's one gal in our Detachment who won't have to worry about the wherewithal with which to furnish a little cottage in the country. She's S/Sgt Louise Cannady (recently assigned to the post of 1st Sgt for the night shift). Louise's fiance, long overseas, sends her all manner of collector's items—statuary, paintings, draperies, dishes, etc. It wouldn't surprise any of us if one of these days a grand piano or a chaise lounge arrives in the orderly room for the future home. Lucky gal, Louise. All that's necessary is an early Armistice, and she's all set. In her spare time (?), Sgt. Cannady serves as Barracks Sgt. for Barracks #5—the last one down the line.



# Quack - Quack

It's Captain John Clark now! The Air Corps finally got to Johnnie's name and he's really flying high. Word got around, and a goodly crowd was gathered for the "Five O'Clock Hour" to christen the new bars.

Cecil Miller also is wearing a change on his shoulders - those two bars finally merged into a gold leaf. It's been so long since anyone got a boost that we've almost forgotten how to celebrate. How about it, fellows?

With the gold leaf Cecil also got an Assistant - none other than Marty Healy, who once again reluctantly deviates from his profession to help out in the Administration Department. That boy Marty sure is versatile.

There's a black crepe a-hangin' on Baloney John's since Lt. Bud Turnbull took off for his new station at Fort Knox, Kentucky. There's also one hanging outside a certain office in Headquarters (no names mentioned but she's a cute one). Good luck, Bud. Clark and Estein will take care of the heart interests you left behind.

The first Tilton all stag party was apparently a big success. The Club was turned into a Monte Carlo. Real money changed hands, but who ended up with what no one will know - at least not those of the female contingent. All we know is quite a few are ordering beer these days. Long month, isn't it?

The Honons' second bundle from Tilton was christened Heather Ann in the usual way - mit water. She's a port little miss, a miniature of her sister Penny. Incidentally, that Penny has some vocabulary. She'll soon be a candidate for the "Quiz Kids" if she keeps it up.

Marge Cassity is wearing her hair "down" these days, and it's very fetching. Up or down, she's a cute package - vest pocket size.

What's with these big boards everyone has in their offices these days? Headquarters will soon look like the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Who's going to move all those little papers around? A trained squirrel would be just the thing.

Signs of Spring....The first robins on Headquarters' lawn....Helen Turnbull's car with the top down....Wacs and soldiers leisurely strolling hand in hand breathing in the fresh ozone....everyone calling up to have the steam pipes turned off....patients pitching horseshoes outside the Red Cross...everyone volunteering to wash the outside of the windows...."Susie" with a brand new litter of kittens.....sigh, sigh, sigh. (It will probably be snowing when this issue comes out - but that's New Jersey for you).

## ALUMNI QUACKS

This part of the column is growing so large that it's liable to be another "child eating the father". Don't know why, but it seems harder and harder to dig up local dirt these days. Maybe it's because all the characters have left. Could be. Anyhoo--to get on with the quackings from our alumni:



Major and Mrs. Joseph McKinney Ivie announce the birth of a daughter - Susan - at Nashville, Tennessee. Joe was that Lieutenant with the southern drawl of the X-Ray a few years back. This is the Ivies' first.

Lt. Col. and Mrs. Harold J. Dunlap announce the arrival of a son, bringing the total to two boys and a gal. "Ace" hasn't seen the new addition, but imagine he celebrated the birthing in Paris.

It's like old times seeing Captain Harold Press in the halls. He's centralizing, or something newfangled. No wonder Captain Bette Alter-Press has a big smile for everyone. It must be love!!!

Jack Messey also paid Tilton a flying visit recently - sans cowboy boots and ten-gallon hat. 'Twas good seeing you, Jackson, and don't try any of your "salesmanship" on those Jabs!!

Remember curly-headed Steve Meigher of the Surgical Service way back? Well Stevie is in England and has worked his way up from a lowly Lieutenant to a Major since he left us. He says he has bumped into Colonel Rich (ex-Chief of X-Ray and Executive Officer) and Lt. Col. George Sommer, but somehow he can never catch up with "Ace" Dunlap. Steve wants to be remembered to all that remember him at Tilton.

Ernie Newman, another ex-Poentgonologist from Tilton, breezed in the other day, complete with ribbons, stars, and overseas stripes. Ernie left with the first bunch of officers to leave Tilton and spent two years in the South Pacific. The reason for his visit to Tilton, however, was not exactly professional. Seems as if a certain member of the ANC is a patient here and Ernie just couldn't stay away. Catching up on South Pacific gossip, you know.

From close to the front Major W. Todd DeVan writes: "February 15th was a great day for mail - we received belated Xmas packages, lots of November and December letters, plus January mail. The big delay was due to Von Punstedt's "Xmas Party", which almost had us convinced we'd never get that mail, because we were told a lot was lost on the Kraut breakdown. Life was pretty rough at that time. My unit had to retreat (a "strategic withdrawal"), six medical officers, twenty-four enlisted men, and forty patients were lost from our outfit (we hope they are prisoners of war), and one platoon lost all its equipment. Some Xmas we had - and some New Year's Eve. But we have them on the run again, and hope to shake hands with the Red Army on the Rhine by April. Existence today is miserable, all roads and fields a mess of slush, mud, filth, death, and destruction.

"On a recent move it took me five hours to go thirty miles in my Peep. My convoy of trucks behind me were all day getting here. I went "too fast" for them, and this, plus flat tires and "bogged down vehicles", made it very trying. Things like that make me think I should have joined the Navy. I had to laugh reading an issue of the Fort Dix Post in which headlines read "Myrna Loy Braves Hazardous Roads to Visit Patients at Tilton General Hospital". That reporter should see these things - he wouldn't call them roads.

"But we are saving lives, and it's worth it. These Field Hospitals lead a rough and tough life at the front, but I still prefer it to the base and rear zones. You see some great spectacles up here. From now on when I sing "The rockets red glare, bombs bursting in air", I'll know what it's all about.



We are told we are to get 3-day passes to Paris, 7-day leaves to England, and 30-day rotations in the near future. I'm overseas 18 months and still waiting for one of the three. I can't get away, since I'm in charge of the platoon and no replacements available, but I'd sure like a change.....

From still further out---Assam, India, we hear from 1st Lt. Ethel Klobusicky, ANCO, half of that twin team of Murtha and Klobusicky: "I like it here very much. Have been on Orthopedics ever since I first landed, and have been very busy. We've got so many boys up in traction that sometimes I think I'll perform a circus act and go through the Ward like the man on the flying trapeze. My heart aches for these boys, for they've gone through hell in these jungles. They're so tired, worn and dirty when they come in. They deserve an awful lot of credit. Johnny Johnson is no longer in France. He's unable to reveal his present location. He seems to be getting a great kick out of the whole thing. Can you picture him in dirty foxholes and riding in box cars amid crates of live chickens and farm produce?

"Isabel (Murtha) is in France and is having the time of her life living on champagne. Her last month's ration included 2 qts. of gin (\$1.50 per qt.), 2 qts. of Napoleon brandy (\$2.00 per qt.), and 2 qts. of champagne. She has difficulty deciding which to drink first. We are not quite that fortunate, since our ration only consists of one quart a month of most any brand, so we are left at the mercy of the Indians whose gin and liquor is so vile that it is better known as "Fighter Brand" or "Bull Fight". We drink it with fruit juice and try to imagine it is a good Scotch and Soda. My power of imagination is pretty good, but not that good. By the way, Isabel had lunch with "Ace" Dunlap.....Give my best regards to all my friends at Tilton.....

And returning to the U.S.A., we find Hal Hermann still fighting the Battle of Barkley: "This is a good outfit I took over, and we are going to make out all right. They are figuring to bring it up to a 750-bed set up when we arrive overseas. The two Red Cross workers arrived today and the Field Director answers to the name of Miss Rowbottom, while the Assistant's name is Miss Furrow. How do you like that? The 35 nurses brought their percentage of cuties, and the officers have taken on new life.....Say hello to all". It sure was nice. Have been on Orthopedics ever since I first landed, and have been (Hal made a request that the choicest item - a problem that arose in pack packing and crating - be kept out of "Quack-Quack", but if anyone is interested I'll relate it verbally. O.K., Hal?) yes, for they've gone through hell in these jungles. They're so tired, worn and dirty when they come in. They deserve an awful lot of credit. Annall quacked out - longer in France. He's unable to reveal his present location. He seems to be getting a great kick out of the whole thing. Can you picture him in dirty foxholes and "Doo!! DUCK" in cars amid crates of live chickens and farm produce?

Isabel (Murtha) FOR SOONS OF HEAVEN IT'S HELL OF A NOTE of her life living on champagne. Her last month's ration included 2 qts. of gin (\$1.50 per qt.), 2 qts. Along with the more obvious disadvantages of being a Jap soldier is the fact that there isn't any financial future in it either. The Nip non-com would have a hard time scraping together enough cash for one \$7.50 War Bond, even if he could sign up for it. While suicide is generally considered to be a matter of honor with the Jap military, some of Hirohito's boys may be spurred on to the deed by a look inside the Hon. pay envelope. Here's the Jap pay scale:  
General: \$126.50. Colonel: \$71.30 to \$85.10. Major: \$39.10 to \$50.60.  
Captain: \$27.60 to \$35.65. 1st Lt.: \$19.55 to \$21.66. Sergeant: \$5.29 to \$6.90. Pfc. (still "per month"): \$2.07. That's all brother. So sorry.

And returning to the U.S.A., we find Hal Hermann still fighting the



# Infantry Band to Appear!

Music with special meaning for soldier casualties will be played for hospital-robed patients at Tilton General Hospital when the talented Doughboys of the 1st Combat Infantry Band appear in concert here on April 9th.

Men who wear the Purple Heart, men who shed their blood in combat in Europe or Africa or the Pacific Ocean areas, will recognize as brothers-in-battle the bandsmen of the unique musical organization. The Infantry musicians, all of whom have seen service with units overseas, have been described by Lt. General Ben Lear as "men who can fight as well as produce the music that all America loves."

Thus it will be with unusual interest and the feeling of camaraderie that soldiers who have faced the perils and hardships of front-line duty have for each other that the wounded hear the stirring strains of the numbers played by the band. It is certain, too, that memories of far-off places where Infantrymen have won new glory for American arms will be awakened by the presence of the 1st Combat Infantry Band at the hospital, for its members represent all of our fighting fronts.

And Doughboys who were wounded at Kasserine Pass, at Cassino, Salerno or Anzio, Cherbourg or Strasbourg, Buna, Guadalcanal, Bougainville, or Saipan will recognize among the band's personnel former members of their old outfits. In playing for their wounded comrades, the bandsmen feel they are continuing a mission begun overseas; for in battle the assignment of several of the musicians was as litter bearers, working under enemy fire to evacuate wounded Infantrymen.

"Out there," one musician said, "we started those boys on the 'road back' by taking them out from under the enemy's guns. Playing for them, we feel we're helping them along the road---and believe me, we give everything that's in us in these concerts." In addition to the men who saw combat service as litter bearers, the band includes Doughboys who fought as front-line riflemen, and who are entitled to wear the coveted Combat Infantryman's Badge, a silver-crested rifle on a background of Infantry blue, awarded for exemplary conduct in action against the enemy. Decorations for gallantry in action are held by two of the band's personnel.

The program to be played by these combat veterans is peculiarly appropriate, for it represents the numbers most frequently asked for by fighting men overseas on those rare opportunities when they could listen to music. Hospital officials report the wounded are looking forward eagerly to the band's appearance, not only as a musical treat, but as an opportunity to live again, through music played by men who have shared the same combat dangers, dramatic and poignant experiences that came to them in combat.

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## HE COULDN'T WAIT

Ft Meade, Md (CNS)-- A GI who recently arrived at the Separation Center here went AWOL while awaiting his discharge from the Army.



# To Whom It May Concern

(WAG #2 NEWS)

By Pfc MARY E. MASON

T/5 Pearl Booker was asked by some of the girls if they could go to the movies with her, and the snic retort was: "Certainly not! I only go with men." (And we thought there was a man shortage!).....

Quiet little Naomi Shepherd is really one of those girls who is waiting for her heart beat to come home from the wars. I'll give you three guesses how I found out about "Alvin".....

Uncle Sam must have put pfc Willie Collins to work in the Post Office because of those twelve letters a day she writes to Italy. Did someone mention Sgt. Teddy Evans?.....

Vi Wilson and her husband should own quite a hunk of the Bell Telephone Company, what with those nightly calls between Pine Camp and Fort Dix. Such devotion leaves a warm feeling in our hearts.....

Don't look now, but Elizabeth Mills is slightly "that way" about one Duke Dupre.....The expression on Beatrice Foreman's face was really a study in deep disappointment the other day when she discovered that the telegram wasn't from Randy.....

To a certain "he", who for reasons of our own security shall remain nameless, we have this bit of advice: Hankie drooping to become acquainted with one of the opposite sex went out with the bustle.....

Sorely missed are the following members of Detachment #2, now "somewhere in England: Lt. Hazel Craddock, Cpl. Willene Johnson, T/5 Christel George, Pfc. Elizabeth Cornwell, Pfc Arjean Connor, Pvt. Gloria Taylor, Pfc. Susie Brown, Pfc. Bernice Lewis, Pfc. Janyce Stovall, and Pfc. Anna Tarryk.

## POETS CORNERED

To "X"

I caught you unawares,  
Gazing into space.  
Your thoughts far away,  
I could tell by the exoression  
On your face.  
Your eyes were like  
Chips of blue crystal  
Mined in a Polar Region.  
And the gleam of wanderlust  
That shone from your gypsy soul,  
Made me fear those places  
That you knew and loved,  
Unknown places  
Where I could not be.



# Reconditioning News

The Reconditioning Program, in collaboration with the A/VS, has really gone all-out to keep the patients not only occupied, but entertained as well.

There has been so much interest displayed in photography that it has been decided to give it a permanent spot in the program. In fact, there are two photographic groups already formed. The group at Tilton proper has its dark room and headquarters in Ward 35, while the Annex contingent is located in the Occupational Therapy building.

Now--as to equipment. Is it available? AND HOT!!! Ample equipment and supplies are on hand even to the extent of an enlarger.

The Photography Club meets each Tuesday and Thursday from 1400 to 1600 under the guidance of the American Women's Voluntary Services photographers. Everyone is invited to attend, and if you don't own a camera, or if you're shaky on the development and printing angle, don't let that hold you back. Expert instructors are here, they know all the tricks of the trade, and they want to help you.

Let's put the shoe on the other foot for just a moment. How would you like to help the A/VS? You would? That's fine. Here's how you photo experts can really lend a helping hand.

The ladies of the A/VS invade Tilton on Tuesdays and Thursdays for the purpose of snapping pictures of the patients, which are developed, printed, and sent to the patient's family free of charge. That's where you come in. A great deal of assistance is needed to carry out this program. So---if you have some experience in photography, or if you would like to improve your technique, gather round and help out this grand program "over the top".

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The Fort Dix Post Band, under the direction of W/O Frank Esposito, recently entertained the patients here with a wallowing good show, a repeat performance of which was given at the Main Section. Pfc. Miles Little, a skilled prestidigitator ("magician" to you, Bub), highlighted the show with a demonstration of his talents in the realm of magic.

Others who held feature spots were Cpl. James Roxwell, soloist; Pvt. Julio Vitolo, singing drummer; Cpl. Martino Revelle, band soloist; and S/Sgt Jack Seery, vocalist and drummer.

The patients' response to this grand entertainment was so enthusiastic that W/O Esposito has promised return engagements in the future. The Fort Dix Band is a talented and versatile outfit, and the Reconditioning Program is grateful for the cooperation of its leader and members.

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UNCLE SAM GIVES

This is the story of the G.I. Bill of Rights or the Veterans Benefits Legislation. It is the same kind of discussion carried on in the wards by the officer-patient counselors for the patients at Tilton General Hospital.

The veteran must first of all get off on the right foot. The law states that within ten days of his discharge, he must report to his local Selective Service Board; within 90 days he must apply for his old job, if he still wants it; and he must pay his National Service Life Insurance direct to the Veterans Administration. The wheels of veterans assistance are already in motion, and the ex-service man or woman receives \$100 to \$300 upon his discharge to bridge the gap from soldier to civilian.

Government Insurance (which, incidentally, is the cheapest protection you can obtain) will remain in force for five years by paying the premiums to the Veterans Administration. It can be extended into real life insurance with cash and borrowing value by converting it at any time within five years of the purchase date.

The United States Employment Service, established since the start of the war, will assist you in getting back your old job or in finding a new one. If you desire a Government job (Civil Service), there are special privileges for veterans in this respect.

Apprentice and vocational training are available for every returning veteran. You can earn while you learn in these training programs. Unemployment insurance, both State and Federal, is available to every unemployed veteran for a period up to 52 weeks, depending upon the circumstances.

Do you wish to buy a home, business or farm? The Administrator will guarantee up to 50% of a loan for such a purpose if the amount does not exceed \$2,000, if the interest rate is not over 4%, and provided the loan will be repaid within 20 years.

Up to four years of schooling may be provided by the Government if you are honorably discharged after more than 90 days of service, if you were under 25 years of age at the time of entry into the service (active duty), if you can demonstrate that your education was interrupted, and if you apply within two years after the end of the war. If you were over 25 years of age at the time of entry into the service, it must be shown that your education was interrupted by the service or only a refresher course of one year is desired. The Government will pay all expenses, including fees, tuition and special fees up to \$500 per year. There is a subsistence payment of \$50 per month to veterans without dependents, and \$75 per month to those with dependents.

Hospital and Medical care, Disability Pensions, National Soldiers Home, Income Tax Adjustments for Soldiers, Discharge Review and Retirement Review must also be mentioned as Government services to veterans. Even headstones are provided for veterans. The bill provides for dependent benefits too, including jobs, pensions, education, preference in Civil Service, six months' death gratuity, back pay, allotments and allowances. Aid to veterans is vast in scope. Your Reconditioning Counselor is available and eager to answer your questions, and will give them thoughtful and worthwhile replies. The G.I. Bill of Rights is designed to benefit every veteran.



# A Tribute to Special Service

BY SGT. PEARL T. JACKSON

Ever since the arrival of Captain Robert M. Cushing at Tilton General Hospital on December 1st, 1944, we have witnessed a complete revitalization of the Special Service program under his capable direction. Assisted by S/Sgt Edward Judge, a Tilton veteran, Captain Cushing has presented an impressive list of stage, screen and radio celebrities for the enjoyment of both patients and Detachment personnel here.

The record speaks for itself, and listed below are some of the stars who have appeared here since December 1st: "Dollars to Doughnuts" Radio Program; Les Brown and his Orchestra; Four Chicks and a Chuck; Gus Van; Joe Savoldi; Connie Boswell; Guy Kibbee; Martha Tilton; Joan Edwards; Johnny Messner and his Orchestra; Larry Douglas; the Tilton Troupers with Nat Brusiloff, appearing each Monday with talented guest stars; USO-Camp Show Hospital Units (twice each month); Allen Jones and Irene Hervey; Frankie Connors; Billy Butterfield; Lorraine Romen; Lew Parker; Helen Parrish; Pat Hennigan; Ginger Harmon; Si Oliver and the 373rd All-Star Swing Band from Camp Kilmer; Mary Boland; Kay Armen; Billy Bruce; Gary Moore; Eve Arden; Stan Melba's Society Band, etc.

In addition, Captain Cushing has been in charge of our Detachment parties each month, and memorable indeed was our last party at which we were entertained by the Russian Revels, a USO Unit of great merit--the first time in Tilton history that an outside outfit was imported for a Detachment affair. The Captain hopes that as time passes he can continue to provide shows of this type for our parties, and he has arranged that in the future these functions will be held in the Rec Hall of the Reception Center, since we are no longer permitted to use the building formerly designated as the Detachment Day Room. The Reception Center will cooperate in making these affairs successful by providing G.I. entertainment free of charge, and we are informed that the Rec Hall may be used by Tilton personnel every Tuesday evening.

As director of sports, Captain Cushing supervises all indoor and outdoor sports for the Medical Detachment here. In this connection he is assisted by Cpl. John W. Bartmann, and elsewhere in this issue will be found a tentative summer sports program. On April 5th the Philadelphia Phillies will appear here to entertain the patients in the wards, and on April 7th, the Philadelphia Athletics. Both teams will play a practice game with the Fort Dix Baseball Team.

Along with his other functions, Captain Cushing is in charge of the Tilton Band, under the direction of Sgt. Jack Schwartz; he supervises the sale of life insurance and War Bonds; he is directing the current Red Cross Drive; he is a member of the Reconditioning Council, the Suggestion Committee, and the Entertainment Council for Officers' Club. He is also Assistant C.O. of the Men's Detachment.

Through the Special Service Office it has been brought to the attention of Mr. Ed Sullivan, well-known columnist of THE DAILY NEWS, that in the past Tilton had not been receiving its deserved share of visits by celebrities, and Mr. Sullivan, in turn, has developed a sincere interest in our organization. He has



been greatly instrumental in bringing about the appearance here of many individual stars, and his service to Tilton, as well as to many other Army hospitals in this area, is appreciated more than we can adequately express. The morale value to the patient of visiting celebrities of stage, screen and radio is immeasurable. The Nat Brusiloff shows on Mondays (much of the talent for which is obtained through the efforts of Mr. Sullivan) are a great entertainment feature, and are eagerly anticipated and enjoyed by the vast majority of patients here. Captain Cushing informs us that Mr. Sullivan will pay us a personal visit at Tilton in the near future, and a hearty welcome is promised him.

Having already accomplished so much of value in such a comparatively short time, it is certain that as the months pass, the Special Service program will expand constantly under its able director, who has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the desires of the enlisted man are close to his heart, and that in every manner possible he will do his utmost to provide high-calibred entertainment for patients and personnel stationed here.

Our hats are off to Captain Cushing and his staff, for his successful endeavors in our behalf!

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### THE END OF AN ERA

This issue of TILTON TALK marks the close of its adolescence. Since its initial issue of August 15, 1941, (with nine editors, including: Pvts. Charles A. Capraro, Alfred Ciaburri, Donald E. Conant, Ken Dinger, William R. Groom, Robert W. Powell, Fred A. Ryan, Richard B. Scudder, and Thomas M. Wright), "TT" has been mimeographed.

Recently, however, a printing press has been acquired, and under the direction of Captain Henry M. Weeks III, Information and Education Officer, TILTON TALK will emerge in printed form in the future. It is unnecessary to point out the advantages of this new medium. Suffice to say, old TT will be reborn, and take its place among the really smooth Army publications.

A word of thanks is appropriate now to all who have assisted us along the mimeograph trail. Our loyal band of contributors have rarely let us down, and have continued their support throughout the hectic months of 1944-45, when the enlargement and expansion of our hospital had us all in a whirl. And you, our readers, have demonstrated remarkable patience when we were forced to come out late. Everyone involved has been cooperative and tolerant, and we, the staff, are deeply appreciative.

Now that we are invading fresh fields, the future of TILTON TALK holds great promise. The possibilities of the printing press are limitless, and there is every reason to believe that we'll produce a first-rate magazine—one to afford stiff competition to the very best.

As always, contributions and suggestions are urgently desired. Our staff of contributors have pledged their continued support, and anyone else (we're sure there are hundreds of others) with a yen for writing, printing, drawing, photography, composition, etc. is urged to assist in this undertaking. If you're talented, or merely interested, your help is needed in putting TT over the top. For further information, call 4193 or 23230. Officers, nurses, Wacs and EM of Tilton—all of you can offer assistance, and we're counting on you.



# Opportunity for Officers

The attention of all officers is directed to the provisions of Section II, War Dept. Circular 57, which states in part as follows:

"Qualified officers in the grade of second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel, inclusive, of the various arms and services are needed for assignment to positions normally occupied by members of the Judge Advocate General's Department. Such officers will be detailed in the Judge Advocate General's Department. Details will be accomplished upon the recommendation of the Judge Advocate General by War Department orders in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 5d, AR 605-145, 6 May 1943.

"Ordinarily only officers under 40 years of age and physically qualified for at least limited oversea service will be recommended. The minimum qualifications will be that the officer has attained his 28th birthday, is a graduate of a law school, and is admitted to practice law. At least 4 years' practice of law is desirable, but not essential. The practice of law may include full time governmental, judicial, military legal experience or private practice. The qualifications of all applicants will be passed upon and details will be recommended by the selection board of the Judge Advocate General.

"Officers detailed will usually be ordered to attend the officers' training class of 8 weeks' duration at The Judge Advocate General's School, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The first class will commence on 26 March 1945."

Any officers with a legal background are encouraged to avail themselves of this opportunity. Further details may be learned by reading WD Circular 57.

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Every now and then a wave of nonsense verse sweeps over the nation, with silly rhymes bandied about until they reach the point of inanity, which is usually just about the time that this fad sinks into obscurity for another year or so. We're now heralding a new resurrection of nonsense verse, of which the following choice bit is a fair sample:

## ODE TO AN ODOR

I wish I was a wittle egg  
Way up in a twee;  
I wish I was a wittle egg  
As wotten as could be.

And when some mean old sarjint  
Would start to shout at me,  
I'd frow my wotten wittle self  
And spatter down on he.

Further contributions are welcome. The more we get and the quicker we get 'em, the sooner the nonsense rhyme will meet its untimely and ignominious doom. Experts in this department are abundant and most cooperative when given the least amount of encouragement.



# Library Notes!

Today, more than ever, music is becoming a hobby to the average person, as is evidenced by the increasing number of music books being written and read in the last five years.

The last generation had more time and more incentive to train their children toward a well-rounded musical education. In fact, nearly every family had someone taking piano lessons, regardless of talent. Young boys and girls were expected to perform, and it was more or less "standard operating procedure" in every parlor.

Many of us are today discovering our musical aptitudes and interests through the printed word. We learn music appreciation in colleges and high schools, and soldiers are taking correspondence courses in the United States Armed Forces Institute. Seeing and hearing facilities were never greater. Enjoying music is now within everyone's reach, and the library offers more than a "smattering of ignorance" in most phases of music.

So, if it's "solid, Jackson" to you hop soldiers, whether you're a popular disk fiend, or a longhair, you will find what you want in music books. Here are a few:

Ewen's "Men of Popular Music"  
Bauer's "How Music Grew"  
Stokowski's "Music for All of Us"  
Silver's "How to Write and Sell a Song Hit"  
Annelsey's "Home Book of Opera"  
Kolodin's "Guide to Recorded Music"  
The Esquire Jazz Book  
Levant's "A Smattering of Ignorance"  
Goff's "Jazz from the Congo to the Metropolitan"  
Bekker's "Story of the Orchestra"  
Haggin's "Music on Record"  
Dolph's "Sound Off! Soldier Songs"

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## MAC OFFERS BARS TO QUALIFIED EM

Washington (CNS)—The Army is offering opportunities for commissions in the Medical Administrative Corps to 1245 qualified enlisted men or warrant officers. Between Feb. 23 and Apr. 27, five classes will be enrolled at the Medical Field Service School, Carlisle Barracks, Pa., for 17 weeks' training. Additional classes may be added if needed. The increase in the Army's battle casualties has created a critical need for additional officers in the MAC. In general, enlisted men and warrant officers in the Medical Department and certain other branches, such as Ordnance, Finance and Chemical Warfare Service, and all enlisted men more than 35 years of age in combat units are permitted to apply for officer training in the MAC. A waiver must be obtained by men 35 or more. Further particulars on the appointment are contained in a handbook released by the Surgeon General's Office Feb. 15.



# Annex Angles

(Co. #3)

By T/5 ANN RIZZARDI and PFC SALOME STONE

Come spring, and life begins to perk up a little even for WAC Co. 3. Only a few days ago our own 1st Sgt. Lois Bray deviated from the normal stereotype of army routine and embarked for New York City on a special broadcast assignment over station WJW. To boost the recruiting of WAC Medics, Sgt. Bray described life in a WAC medical company as typified by the women of WAC #3.

As the war continues, the increasing need for medical personnel will become more acute. Already the expanding facilities of Tilton General bear out the paradox that is war—the greater the destruction, the more intense and unerring its humanism.

At present several agencies are at work in Tilton, directed toward the preservation of human decency. To mention only a few: the nurses training school, the newly conceived program for adult education, the training of overseas men for the medical corps, and the WAC trainees on detached duty here for practical training.

In a more outward sense, WAC 3 can help carry on this renewed spirit of altruism. Being close to the field, we can do much to encourage others to enlist their efforts in the rehabilitation of our wounded and indirectly bring an early close to the fighting that limits and frustrates our real destiny as a nation among nations.

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Although our particular field of work in the WAC brings its own reward, even a bit of material success is welcome now and then. Again new sets of stripes have been added to many a WAC wardrobe. In especial do we extend our congratulations to Corcoran, Ainley, and Vladikin who made the enviable grade of T/3. Our new buck sergeant is Gladys Duell who is in the Medical Personnel Office. Few T/4s are Bayhi, Dondor, Moody, and Stevens. Lentz and Dooley made corporal, and T/5s went to Bamberg, Flethen, Boles, Garretson, Jamison, O'Dea, Rizzardi and Geis.

Lt. Schroeder celebrated the promotions by personally visiting all the girls. There was even a "spread" in one of the rooms to honor the occasion. To appreciate her informal appearances. Not long ago when she was first introduced as our Company C.O., both she and Captain Alter made the rounds of all the rooms for a chat with the girls. No wonder we fairly purr with contentment. It's a sort of Golden Age for WAC Co. 3.

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## BARRACKS BRIEFS

Before we get too far from the subject of Sgt. Bray's broadcast, we want to mention that she really gave WAC 3 a boost in morale—calling it the best



company in the field. Anyway, the broadcast people liked it, to judge by the events that followed. Immediately after her talk, she was the guest of the Love-Lite (!) Beauty Salon of Fifth Avenue. Thence to the "Club 56" where she was feted with four-inch steaks (very unpatriotic, but delicious), and champagne. Even the photographers hounded her. Cpl. Preiner has acclaimed her the "glamour girl of Co. 3". Any day now she's waiting for that television contract.

\* \* \* \* \*

Besides being a woman of ideas, Cpl. Breiner, our expeditious company clerk, threatens to become a woman of action. The time for decision has arrived (so she thunders). Those warm spring evenings are budding with moonstruck Tacs who insist on saying goodnight to their swains right beneath the good corporal's window. Write us a book on the art, Cpl. As an outlet it's safer, saner, and much more human. Moderation and sublimation, you know.

Sgt. Clark (of the men's detachment) heard saying to some patients outside the nurse's office of Ward 44: "Don't coagulate in the hall." (Awfully glad he can be back with his first love, the pharmacy). By the way, Sgt. Clark spends his weekends on post dreaming of his Cape Cod home and that nifty pocket-sized bar he has tucked away in the basement. What is more convenient and to the point, he is the prosperous proprietor of a corner drugstore.

Our Washington's Birthday Party was a success. Much in evidence and working assiduously on the decorations were Lt. Schroeder, Welter, Corcoran, Stone and Bundt. The men of the Medical Detachment were good sports in helping us out, too, even though they were among the invited guests.

T/4 Welter is now at Eastview attending the Tactical School there. She's expected back very shortly.

We commiserate with the enlisted men of the Medical Personnel Office--over since the office moved to its present location. Gone are the Varga and Petty girls. The only sign of printed pulchritude is the snapshot of Mrs. Nixon and her tiny daughter. They say it inspires T/Sgt Nixon.

T/4 Bayhi's recent experience gives her true heart touch with the man of "one meat ball" fame. Seated one day at the table (in ye olde mess hall), and feeling ill at ease (woman's intuition), her gaze lingered over the portion that was to be her fate. Then, with malice toward none, and in one fell swoop, with cold steel, tested and true, she attempted to sever her generous lot, when lo, both handle and blade parted asunder and ye lone meat ball lay betwixt the great between.

And then the Detachment Mess Sgt. came striding down the olde mess hall, resplendent with the glory of his mission, and refraining from an indulgent smile, he descended upon the maiden, and unlike the man in the jingle, saw that her honor was saved--another triumph in the Army's war of logistics.

\* \* \* \* \*

Browsing in the library, we noticed a special reservation for one Sgt. Sutherland of TAC 3. Title of the tome was "Genealogy of Morals" by Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. Now whom is she trying to impress? Ever try Dorothy Dix, Sarge? "'Tis better to have loved and lost than to have reasoned well."



# Sports Slants

By CPL. JOHN W. BARTMANN  
Athletic Director

## SPECIAL SERVICE PRESENTS SUMMER SPORTS PROGRAM

Captain Robert M. Cushing, Special Service Officer, has introduced the summer sports program at Tilton General Hospital. Participants will include Officer, Nurses, Enlisted Men and Wacs of this installation. Prizes will be awarded for individual tournaments, and outside competition will be secured for team play.

The sports, both team and individual, are as follows:

### Softball:

1. WAC Detachments 1, 2, and 3 participating in the Post League.
2. One enlisted men's team for Post League and outside games.

### Volleyball:

1. WAC Detachments 1, 2 and 3 participating in inter-Tilton competition.
2. Enlisted men also participating in inter-Tilton competition.

### Tennis:

1. Doubles and singles for three WAC Detachments and two enlisted men's detachments. Outside competition may be secured.

### Horseshoes:

1. Individual sport with inter-Tilton competition for Wacs and enlisted men.

### Badminton:

1. WAC Detachments 1, 2 and 3 in inter-Tilton competition.
2. Two enlisted men's detachments in inter-Tilton competition.

### Golf:

1. Individual sport.
2. Equipment to be secured from Post Special Service.

Captain Cushing, former Detroit Tiger short-stop, will be the backbone of our Tilton men's team. He will be assisted by other standouts, including Merritt, Tillman, Hoover, Riley and Tobazio. Our schedule will begin as soon as the weather permits.

Tryouts for the team will be announced shortly, so keep your eye on the bulletin board.



# "A Bell For Adano"

By CPL. ARTHUR BEILER

A writer writes and sells, and a writer feels and writes. Those are two very separate processes. Most writers are in the unfortunate position to have to distinguish between them. They write stories because they are writers and the urge to produce is in them. Since writing, good writing, is rarely sensationalist or pornographic, those manuscripts will not appeal to a public whose senses have been dulled by the boy-meets-girl affairs of the movies, and the soap-box operas of radio. Those manuscripts will not sell; in many cases they will not even be accepted by the sales-conscious publisher.

Since writing is a full-time job and a writer has to sell to make a living, he starts writing by publisher's orders; if he is lucky, he goes on writing books where he can smuggle in some of his good composition. If he is not lucky, or just does not care, he will turn out pulp magazine stories. Sooner or later he will lose his self-respect as a writer, and his genius, his creative ability, will be gone. The rare cases are authors who happen to hit upon a certain topic that is very much alive at the moment, a topic that is also interesting, even dear to them, that they want to write about. There the author feels and writes.

John Hershey in his travels all over the 5th Army front, came to know the Italian people more thoroughly than the American in this country or the average G.I. on the front. He came to know that they are simple people from our economic point of view, but complicated when it comes to culture; that they are stupid when it comes to politics, and wise where the art of living is concerned.

Mr. Hershey also has come to dislike a certain type of military, who, according to his description, consists of merely uniform and voice. Of course he exaggerates in his description of the General in order to make Major Joppolo look so much the more human and likable. In order to emphasize his interest and concern, the General by contrast is painted showing utter disinterest and unwarranted, thoughtless ruthlessness. I admire Mr. Hershey's courage in depicting the General, but I think he would be just as useful to the story being less of a symbol, more of a really live personality.

Stylistically the book is magnificent. Each little episode is a rung that leads the reader higher up on a stepladder of adventure. Many people may not regard the happenings of this story as adventure, but to me, Major Joppoli's quest for the good of the people he has been put in charge of, disregarding all personal disadvantages, has a little of the crusading knight and even more of the romantic adventurer in it.

Like every truly great story, this book is timeless and placeless. It deals with types of humans to be found always, any place. It deals with human emotions which all of us who are humans feel and understand. It shows tact and a gentleness in doing so. Joppolo's and Tina's loneliness, the Sergeant's cynicism, even the General's ruthlessness, are as human and ever-existing as speech and thought. "A Bell for Adano" compares with other books I have read lately as a choice perfume, which makes the nostrils long remember it, to a loud one, which might evoke sudden desire, and then no more.



"DON'T LET'S BE BEASTLY TO THE GERMANS" \*

A good deal of fuss about this song was made in England when it first came out. Some folks misunderstood it, and thought Mr. Coward was really asking us to be nice to the enemy. He wasn't, as you'll see.

By Noel Coward

We must be kind  
And with an open mind  
We must endeavor to find a way  
To let the Germans know that when the war is over  
They are not the ones who'll have to pay  
We must be sweet  
And tactful and discreet  
And when they've suffer'd defeat  
We mustn't let them feel upset,  
Or even get the feeling that we're cross with them or hate them  
Our future policy must be to reinstate them.

CHORUS:

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans  
Then our Victory is ultimately won  
It was just those nasty nazis who persuaded them to fight-  
And their Beethoven and Bach are really far worse than  
their bite  
Let's be meek to them and turn the other cheek to them  
And try to bring out their latent sense of fun.  
Let's give them full air parity  
And treat the rats with charity.  
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

We must be just  
And win their love and trust  
And in addition we must be wise  
And ask the conquered lands to join our hands to aid them  
That would be a wonderful surprise  
For many years  
They've been in floods of tears  
Because the poor little dears  
Have been so wrong'd and only long'd  
To cheat the world, deplete the world and beat the world to  
blazes  
This is the moment when we ought to sing their praises.

\* Reprinted by courtesy of Chappell and Company.

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CONTRIBUTE GENEROUSLY TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WAR FUND CAMPAIGN FOR 1945  
HELP PUT TILTON GENERAL HOSPITAL OVER THE TOP THIS YEAR



# "Scoops" of the Past

August 15, 1941: "According to reports, the building next to the Post Exchange is being erected for the RED CROSS."

"At the present writing, the Army Nurse Corps numbers thirty-five!!"

September 1, 1941: "From 'Confucius' Towns' Bible: 'If you're looking for a helping hand, you will most likely find it at the end of your arm.'"

"Pvt. Harold Perlmutter is leaving for an operating room technician course at Walter Reed General Hospital."

September 15, 1941: "Lt. Sidney Brandt recently joined our staff."

"The Tilton Players, a new dramatic club, was organized last night in Ward 24." (Whatever became of it?)

October 1, 1941: "Herbert, the Detachment rooster, departed to his happy hunting ground."

"A convalescent is a patient who is still alive."

October 15, 1941: "The completion of our dayroom (renovated barn) is being rushed."

November 1, 1941: "Green walls to replace white ones in the hospital."

November 15, 1941: "2nd Lt. P.B. Henon has been delegated to receive subscriptions in the current Red Cross drive."

December 3, 1941: "The men of the detachment note with keen anticipation the construction of clothes racks behind each man's bunk."

December 23, 1941: "The first Christmas at Tilton saw Col. Morvell more than busy with the mail."

"'Confucius' Towns says: It's better to have halitosis than no breath at all.'"

January 15, 1942: "Welcome to Capt. Henry A. Cotton and 1st Lt. Edward A. Hanna."

February 1, 1942: "The first attempt of the Detachment in the theatrical field, the TILTON MINSTRELS, was welcomed last Thursday and Friday."

February 15, 1942: "About one-fourth of the Tilton medics are still without a 'better-half'".

March 1, 1942: "Yep, we're gonna have an orchestra. Preliminary plans are being made through the E. & R. Office."

"Cadet S. J. "Bud" Turnbull, Jr., has been made Corporal at Valley Forge Military Academy."



March 15, 1942: "Major Alexander Miller's hobby is playing left field with the TILTON TIGERS."

April 15, 1942: "Corporal Robert G. Yaeger promoted to Sgt."

May 15, 1942: Pvt. Eddie Judge wrote his first article for Tilton Talk.

"It seems that Lou Frey and his gal, Dolores, are hitting a high note in their romantic melody."

June 15, 1942: "The biggest boost to Army morale took place in Washington last week when the Senate voted to give buck privates \$50 base pay per month."

July 15, 1942: "More than 150 men of the Medical Detachment attended the gala opening of the new USO Club in Trenton on Monday evening."

"Miss Nancy Carroll of movie fame visited us on June 17th."

"Taking over as 1st Sgt., T/Sgt Michael McCarroll began his duties with the Medical Detachment replacing 1st Sgt. Pritchard."

August 1, 1942: "Welcome Chaplain George D. Lessley to Tilton General Hospital."

August 15, 1942: "A feline named 'Restriction' makes its home in the Guardhouse."

September 1, 1942: "Fort Dix is having a new camp newspaper in a few weeks."

September 15, 1942: "Capt. Cecil E. Miller has been designated as Hospital Inspector."

October 1, 1942: "The apple tree in back of the Dental Clinic is now a picture of russet leaves."

"M.Ps join in wishing our Provost Marshal, Lt. Martin J. Healy, all the luck in the world upon his recent marriage to Miss Mary Mackey."

October 15, 1942: "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy appeared at the Rec Hall."

November 1, 1942: "Among the new tunes: 'White Christmas'."

November 15, 1942: "S/Sgt Girard is justifiably proud of the meals he serves."

December 1, 1942: "The North African invasion was especially satisfying to a group of military experts in Barracks 9."

December 25, 1942: "There's plenty of room in the PX now that an addition has been added." (??????)

"Lt. and Mrs. P. R. Henon became the proud parents of a baby girl on December 13th." (Penny)

"Just because a girl comes home from a cemetery crying, it doesn't necessarily mean she's been to a funeral."

And a special Christmas message from General Terry!!!



January 15, 1943: "Welcome to the 90th General Hospital".

February 1, 1943: "Moron" gags are sweeping the country. Pleasure driving prohibited.

February 15, 1943: Pfc. John Bray's first poem appeared in Tilton Talk.

March 15, 1943: Tilton Chapel in the process of construction.  
Formal opening of the Officers' Lounge and Mess.

April 1, 1943: TILTON TALK awarded a Certificate of Achievement in nation-wide Camp Newspaper Service contest.

Eddie Judge gives dancing lessons three nights a week.

April 15, 1943: Finance Section of Post Office opens.  
Overhead and side spotlights installed in the Rec Hall.  
"Special Orders", the Detachment cat, an expectant mother.  
Sgt. Corwin suggests a "woman's page" for TILTON TALK.

June 1, 1943: Bob Yaeger nurses Charlotte, the ground hog, back to health.  
Johnnie Tank an expectant papa.  
QM Victory garden a huge success.  
First appearance of "Quack-Quack", flourishing ever since.

June 15, 1943: TGH Medical Detachment honored its C.O., Lt. Jacob C. Christman, with a dinner at The Country House in Pemberton.

Retreat held on the fire road every night at 1700.

Danny Crecca says he believes in marriage.

TILTON TIGERS defeated by 90th GENERAL LIONS.

July 1, 1943: WAAC arrives at Tilton!!!! WAAC Officers include Capt. Betty F. Alter, Lt. Fannie White, and Lt. Nell Clements.

General Terry visits Tilton on an inspection tour.

Col. Ronnie Kaussner appointed to OCS, leaving Barracks 1 desolate.

Lt. Howard becomes TGH Detachment Commander.

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That's about all the history space will allow us to print at present. However, if any of you are interested in tracing further the development of TGH, you are cordially invited to visit our files and peruse them at your leisure. Headquarters of TILTON TALK are now located in the building which once served as the 1st Sgt's office, next to the former day room.

No better way can be found to renew old memories of people and events than by browsing through back issues of TT. You'd be surprised how much you've forgotten--how many of your old buddies you hardly recall, you many events of interest have slipped your memory. So come on over and spend a while catching up on Tilton history.



## H U M O R

"Have you ever awakened with a jerk?"

"Heavens, no! I'm not even married."

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Dietician: "Be sure to put plenty of nuts in the cake batter."

GI Baker: "I ain't crackin' no nuts today. I nearly busted my jaw yesterday."

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A married couple was peacefully sleeping in the upstairs bedroom. Suddenly the wife shouted in her sleep: "Good Lord! Here comes my husband!" The husband woke up, and jumped out of the upstairs window.

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Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England walked in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of my coat."

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Mark Anthony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I came here to bury Caesar, not to praise him." The other was at Cleopatra's tent at midnight, when he said, "I didn't come here to talk."

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Then there was the Scotchman who was pummeled to death because he thought the sign on the door said "Laddies".

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When women go wrong, men go right after them.

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Doctor: Have you any physical defects?

Draftee: "Yes, sir, no guts."

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Dad: "When I was your age, I used to go to bed with the chickens."

Son: "Well, Dad, times haven't changed a bit!"

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"What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge chest?"

"They tell me her mother was built the same way."

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Military definition of a kiss: "Propaganda before an invasion."

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Two men got off the bus. One had come to town for good. The other was a sailor on leave.

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Excitement on a Fort Dix bus resulted the other day when a soldier gave his seat to a woman and she fainted. When she recovered she thanked him,—and he fainted!

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"I won't get married until I find a girl like the one grandpa married."

"Huh! They don't make women like that today."

"That's funny! Grandpa only married her yesterday."

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INFAMOUS QUOTATION: "Grandma, use the bottle opener; you'll ruin your guns."

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Sadie has been letting all the boys kiss her ever since she slapped a guy who was chewing tobacco.

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The sailor had just given his wife a beautiful skunk coat as a gift.

"I can't see," she murmured, "how such a nice coat comes from such a foul-smelling beast."

Wearily the sailor replied, "I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I do demand respect."

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The old maid said, "Don't put 'Miss' on my tombstone when I'm dead. I haven't missed as much as you think."

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He: Pardon me, may I have this dance?

She: No; I'm too danced out.

He: You're not too darned stout. You're just pleasingly plump.

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He: "The doc says I am working too hard. Says I need a little sun and air."

She: "But honey, did you tell him we don't want any children?"

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